

BROADWAY BREAKS ITS SLEEP AT MID-DAY TO WATCH THE PONIES RUN

For the First Time in Three Years Everybody Had to Get Up Before Luncheon to See Whisk Broom Win the Big Race



The Hon. Diamond Jim Brady was accompanied by his jewels and pretty girls.

By FRANK WARD O'MALLEY.

Out of a saffron sunset on the evening of Sunday, October 20, 1910, Johnnie Mossant, to quote from the lines of "The Sun," in a 30-horse-power Peugeot "flew seventeen miles in an air line to and around the Statue of Liberty and back to Belmont, thirty-four miles in all, in 34 minutes, 38.84 seconds, for a cash prize of \$10,000."

Johnnie Mossant didn't die until the following New Year's eve. Belmont Park died the minute Johnnie Mossant had settled to earth after sailing in a wide curve low over the infield, like a clay pigeon skimming the sod through yellow hazy smoke where explosions detonated, while wild voices yelled gladly the fact that "an American" had won the Thomas Fortune Ryan prize. (Afterward it was learned that he hadn't won, but no matter.) And then night settled over the most beautiful racetrack in the country, winds mournfully rustled rank grasses and weeds of an infield already blighted by early frosts. From that day almost to this the great stretch of grand stand and field stand, the clubhouse, and the stables have merely been gaunt, unpainted ghosts to passersby on the Long Island trains that rim the race-course. One glimpsed the beautiful arrangement of evergreens just south of the grand stand and signed.

But along came May 30, 1913. These few words that surround some pen and ink are not written with the notion that they'll give you even a faint idea of the glory of seeing a dead bird literally come to life. The late Mr. Tolstoy said in his "What Is Art?" something, roughly speaking, like this: "If you look upon a sunset, or your old mother's wrinkled face, and feel a certain emotion, you are an artist; and if with paint, or marble, or music, or words you can make some one else feel at least some of the emotion you have felt, you are an artist."

No artist in the known world—Hals, Angelo, Shakespeare, Beethoven, Rodin, Whistler—by paint or marble or sound could make you feel an infinitesimal part of the glory that was this mane town when the rejuvenated Belmont came to life a few days ago. To get it right you had to be there—as almost everybody was.

The biggest crowd in the world—literally the biggest crowd the world ever had seen—was outside the gate trying to claw its way in. Inside the park was a crowd twice as big as the biggest crowd outside. For almost two miles automobiles were clogged back toward

"that nobody wants horth rathing! But juth thee the thouthanth here athembled—thouthanth upon thouthanth! Ithn't thith a glorith tribute to a great thport!"

That lath word th sport. The sun was a golden yellow, the track a fresh earthy ochre, the one dead yellow grasses again were green, the stands freshly painted, silver mugs were afash with thousands of reflected suns down near the base line of the stewards' stand, Lander's brass band of excellence (supposing, which is doubtful, that there be such a thing as a brass band of excellence) was smashing out—at the earnest behest of Joe Drum—the music of "Mile, Modiste," and altogether life once more was alive, as more than 20,000 persons thoroughly realized. And then a wonderful thing happened.

A man in uniform of blue came out on the bridge of the stewards' stand and unlimbered a gleaming brass trumpet asthmatic with three years of dust. He puffed his features and remarked, "Ta-raa-raaah!" and thinks like that. And everybody sat up.

From somewhere that up to this time nobody had noted came this wonderful thing—the horse parade. Three long years and here they are—satin skins topped by gay satin blouses of jockeys, who are fling before you slowly, and with a halted heart beat you realize that this thing is true. The chestnut Moncreif in the lead, dazling before the bandages didn't conceal some of the

"And eleven months," interrupted Mr. Carl.

"And twenty-nine days," Miss Burke added.

"And twenty hours," Mr. Adams gushed.

"And four minith," spoke up Mith Chathe from the Brady box a foot away. "Ith wath three yearh ago today to the day, I remember. Juth before the fourth rayth there wath a heavy thunder thorm that thpelt thith clothe. The wind wath thith coldth."

"Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes," said Diamond Jim, "but I don't get that last part, little one."

"Ithy," Miss Chathe said. "Ith thpelt thith l-thee-eee—thith, y, thith."

"I got you, Ed. You're trying to say icy cold."

"Thath thith. The wind wath thith coldth."

"Yeth, I got you the first time—you got me thaying thith now. Go on."

"The wind wath thith coldth. The lath rayth wath run while our teeth were th-th-tha-tha—"

"Yeth, thattering. Acumen went out to run Thandrian—"

"Sandrian?"

"Yeth, Thandrian, off thith hith feet. Ith wath a mile and a thithteenth. But in the rath—"

"Yeth, rath—in the rath of the far turn Thandrian held on and made Acumen blow up. Honeth! And juth then Bob R. breathe path Thandrian

Forty-Second Street Country Club had to pay 20 cents over the counter at the A. D. T. messenger office at Forty-second street and Sixth avenue, under our old friend Bridgie Webber's place (and where is Bridgie, by the way? He wasn't at the track), to have a messenger boy "knock at the door until answered." To mention the 25 cent tip to the boy for waking one. Which proves that putting things off never got anybody nothing. However, some never will learn.

It—to get back to the track again—was after the classic that the real flow of wit began. Whisk Broom, the ch. h., 6, Broomstick—Audience (whatever that means—it was my first visit to a track)—won, you remember.

"That was a sweeping victory. Helen," remarked Walter Moore, the lithograph magnate who invented red on yellow, to Miss Helen Ware.

"Why," returned Miss Ware, who wore black and said she is Irish on her mother's side, "I didn't think so. I shouldn't call it a sweeping victory by any means."

"Thattering," sweeping—don't you make me!" asked Mr. Moore, with a hearty laugh.

"Well, now that you—" began Miss Ware when interrupted by Mr. Archie Selwyn, who sat at her left.

"Whisk Broom" must've brushed up a lot of coin," Mr. Selwyn said nonchalantly. The rath now were general.

"I noticed," said the father of Joe Herbert, Jr., Joe Herbert, Sr., who am-

would be unable to act up on top of the stage.

The crowd was just beginning to cheer at the end of the Metropolitan Handicap when word got around that Al Reeves was approaching in his new car, so everybody hushed. Next to Miss Fritz Scheff's car, there isn't any such car in the world. Somebody ventured that the horses ought to be called off and made to run the race over again so that they wouldn't come into the stretch just at the moment that the flash of the classic would interfere with the eclat of the arrival of the Reeves car.

Did you ever see the Al Reeves car? It has a tradesmen's entrance. On the main entrance the name "Al Reeves" appears in unostentatious gold letters in block type. Wire brush door mats are fastened to the side stoop leading to the family entrance, each mat bearing the simple word "Welcome" in white. Almost the entire first floor is given over to a large living room with a cheerful open fireplace, where, in the colder months, cedar logs always are burning. Hot and cold running water, a combination pool and billiard table and stationary washbasins complete the equipment.

These and many more incidents too numerous to mention tended to increase one's belief in the notion that there's nothing like racing to improve the breed of the American horse. And it's a pure sport. Take it from a constant attendant since rejuvenated racing came back into its own at Belmont recently, it is the purest sport we have. It's a distressingly pure sport. But, as has been said, it improves the breed and, as they say about the old—players on the Yanks' team, it keeps one out in the open air.

TANGLED RELATIONSHIP.

AN INSTANCE of relationship that almost defies the skill of a Philadelphia lawyer in defining it came to light the other day in argument over the probate of the will of the late Mrs. Catherine Suhrer of Brooklyn. The testatrix, who was Catherine Faust, came from Germany to America in 1839 at the age of 18. She married Philip Suhrer and by him had three children. Suhrer was later confined in an insane asylum for a time and on release fled abroad.

Seven years later, believing her husband dead, Mrs. Suhrer married Eugene Suhrer. Three children were the result of this second marriage. Then Suhrer heard that his wife's first husband was alive. At the same time he became enamored of his stepdaughter, Catherine Suhrer. He had his marriage annulled and married the former stepdaughter. Here's where the tangle began, for Suhrer shortly became the father of

three children by this last marriage. Thus Suhrer was the son-in-law of his first wife. He was also—taking account of the first marriage—father-in-law to himself. Finally he was grandfather by marriage of his children by his second marriage, because his second wife was daughter of his first wife, and his first wife was his second wife's children's grandmother. There are many more degrees and conditions of entanglement, such as the relationship of the last Suhrer children to the first Suhrer children. They were half brothers and sisters, and at the same time nephews and nieces. All of this mixed up relationship was well thrashed out, as may be imagined, when the elder Mrs. Suhrer died and her money came to be divided. It is not settled yet, nor likely to be, no matter what courts may say.

TEA AND GOSSIP.

"I wonder what there is in a cup of tea that makes women gossip," said an observer in an uptown tea room the other day. Women who never seem to gossip at any other time get a loose tongue after they have imbibed one cup of tea.

"This one cup seems to contain enough gossip to destroy the reputation of almost every person we know and many we do not know. It seems to invite a sort of recklessness, too, and words of scandal are not spoken in a

whisper, but the neighbors across the way get the benefit. Women frequently use names while relating some scandalous doing and that is what leads to trouble.

"Not long ago such a conversation led to a domestic row in which the husband was the victim. The woman of the adventure, who did not seem to see its harm, told of it, using the man's name. A friend of the wife happened to occupy an adjoining table and it was repeated. Consequently the husband had a dreadful time inventing a satisfactory explanation.

"It has been noticed that tea also invites sociability. Even in the best uptown tea rooms on a crowded afternoon when two strange women have to sit at the same table all restraint is often thrown to the winds and before they leave they are chatting like old time friends. The tipping question is often a good lead, or a woman happens to observe some situation that brings forth a comment. Then the discussion begins and seems to have no limit.

"A woman will tell you about her Paris gown or her latest divorce. Two women who met in this informal manner were seen exchanging visiting cards the other day. They had discovered that they had friends in common.

"Whether it is the tea or women are finding more in common is a question that arises when one witnesses these scenes. It would seem that women are getting more like men in their social life."



The Broadway contingent yawned their way to the railroad station.

satin finish, the bay Perthshire, stepping high, No. 3, Slickie, another satin bay, Ella Bryson, the chestnut mare that won the race, the brown Ambrose, the brown mare Isabel, Bunch of Keys, the chestnut Sleuth, three-year-old Ly-sander, the Billy Lawsuit and Trifter, also like the others, stepping high.

The leader of the band who has succeeded the late Lander had an inspiration. As, awe-struck, the more than 30,000 watched the parade of the first horses that this part of the country

and won on the bit by five lengths in 1:17 and 3:5. And I had to hurry away in the rain to the Jamaica post office that I could get out a money order—I wath thaying my thalary—

"Yes, yes, yes—saving your salary."

"Right—oh—I wath thaying my thalary, and I had to make out a money order that the family could pay the mortgage on the farm."

Well, it was just one bit of bright conversation after another before the horses began to race down at Belmont the other day. It's even money that—but hold!—the law is that we must not wager. That remark about betting even money is retracted forthwith.

It was evident, painfully evident, that for the first time in three years everybody from Broadway had got up before luncheon. Up at the Pennsylvania Railroad station an hour or so earlier the yawns had been terrific as every one and his little friend lined up to buy tickets. In justice to the assemblage at the track it should be said that just before the first race thousands were almost wide awake. In any group you joined you could hear protestations that it had been the general intention to work up to the early rising by getting up at, say, 2 o'clock, P. M., on May 28, and at noon on May 29, so that the grand slam of getting out of bed at the unearthly hour of 10 o'clock in the morning on May 30 might be led up to gradually.

One thing after another interfered with these good intentions. Consequently when it came to the eve of Memorial Day the members of the

led up with Andrew Mack, the tragedian, that Whisk Broom raised a lot of dust."

"Yes," continued Mr. Mack to Miss Ware, "Whisk Broom sure did brush by."

"Enough!" cried Miss Ware, and the persiflage ceased. "For less than that they stopped racing before—for much less than that. Don't start in to gum the game again. And besides, I shall never!" This thing is getting to the point where—

A hush stilled the multitude because every one saw at once that Charles Belmont Davis's brother, Richard Harding Davis, was approaching with Charles Belmont Davis. Dick wore brown. He wore a hat on his head, a straw hat trimmed with a blue band smeared around a narrow white stripe.

Why in those days of extra hat bands Dick didn't have a brown hat band to match his brown clothes and tan shoes never will be known.

"What does the man mean?" cried many averting their eyes.

And instead of tan gloves Dick wore white buckskin. Hence the hush.

Eddie James, the United States Senator from Paducah, who goes around boasting how well he knows Marc Klaw and Irvin Cobb, all from the same town, came next within two feet of Eddie Meyerson. Eddie, you probably know, for years was the manager of the Seven Sutherland Sisters.

Did you ever see Senator James's locks? No, not in recent years; not in many years. The Senator removed his hat and began to wipe his brow all the way back.

"Officer! Officer!" cried Eddie Meyerson of the Seven Sutherland Sisters troupe. "Officer, this party is not a part of our party!"

Honest John Kelly and Charles Chapin trailed along, although not together. So did Big Bill Edwards, who when he stopped to light up shut out an entire mile and a sixteenth race. Behind Big Bill was Cory Kilvert, who draws pictures of kids. He's the studio mate of Penrhyn Stanlaws. Cory Kilvert was married as much as four years ago and was at the track. Penrhyn Stanlaws was married only about four weeks ago. He wasn't at the track. He didn't dare come to the track.

Johnny Shine, the Bookmaker of "The Whip," and Dion Titheridge, the Jockey of the same piece, boarded the field at the head of a company of English actors from "The Whip" and Miss Billie Burke's company, who hadn't seen a race for two years and therefore stayed so late that they had to "go on" without food. Again taking it for granted that you know about these Broadway matters, one need hardly say that only English actors these days have steady work.

At the Lamb Club the American actors bribe waiters to poison them. Some minutes before the fifth race on the opening day at Belmont Morcan Coman, actor, and Joe Herbert, Jr., father, Joe Herbert, Sr., tried to elbow Johnny Shine, Vernon Castle and Dion Titheridge out onto the track, the idea being that after a horse first bit them and then kicked them severely they



Exposure in the enclosure.

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The Winning Smile.

Jamaica until August Belmont heard about the clutter, and, learning that there were no more badges left, he magnanimously sent out word to let 'em all come in, ladies or no badges. And it wasn't yet 2 o'clock P. M.

Then this second influx tumbled into the park to spill upon and spread over the earlier arriving thousands. Above the tress and tumble glinted the light blue hatband on the new straw hat of the Hon. Diamond and Pearl and Saphires and Black Pearl and Black Opals James Buchanan Brady, accompanied by the prettiest girl among the 18,000 or so girls present, Miss Dorothy Dahlen, on one arm—the right—and a girl even prettier, Miss Edna Chase, or as she will tell you herself, Mith Edna Chathe, on the left arm.

"And they thay," thied Mith Chathe, Adams.

had seen for more than two years, the band broke up "Auld Lang Syne." Tutti Frutti Adams, the chewing gum magnate, who had come to the track with George Loft, penny a pound profit (don't make us laugh) magnate, and Mrs. Loft, and Mr. and Mrs. John H. Carl were weeping softly. So was Vernon Castle. So were Miss Billie Burke and Alf Hayman—Miss Billie wearing a "draped coat of dark blue, a blue bonnet to match tied with a big bow of blue ribbon under the delectable chin, a light gray gown underneath and wearing a tall blue walking stick of blue sporting white enamel flutree."

"Let's see, Mr. Adams," I said to the Hon. Tutti Frutti, as the horses fled past, "the last race on this track was about—"

"Two years and—" began Mr. Adams.



When Mug Meets Mug.